

THE
METHODIST,

A
COMEDY;

Being a Continuation and Completion of
the Plan of the MINOR,

Written by Mr. F O O T E,

As it was intended to have been Acted at
the Theatre Royal in *Covent-Garden*, but for
obvious Reasons suppressed.

With the original PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.



L O N D O N:
Printed for I. POTTINGER, in *Ave-Maria-Lane*.
[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Squintum.

Sir William Wealthy.

Young Wealthy.

Richard Wealthy.

Shift.

Loader.

Servant.

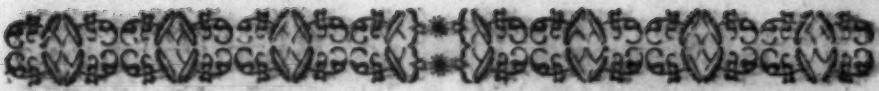


W O M E N.

Mrs. Cole.

Lucy.

Jenny Cummins.



PROLOGUE.

WHEN madly zealous our Divines engage
To mend the Morals of a vicious Age;
When Interest only over Faith presides,
And Fools or Knaves are Ministers and Guides;
When Laws divine a Property are made,
And Blockheads deal in Scripture as a Trade:
Honest the Hand whose Satyr would expose,
O! Sacred Truth, the greatest of thy Foes;
And shew Mankind by what a monstrous Course
The Weak are vicious, and the Wicked worse:
No private Pique this just Resentment draws,
Or brands a wretched Squintum, or his Cause;
But since the Laws no Punishment provide
For such as draw the Multitude aside,
The Poet seizes the corrective Rod,
To scourge the bold Blasphemer of his God.
Happy in this Dramatical Essay,
If One should see the Error of his Way;
He heeds not what a Sectary replies,
Nor fears the Anger which he must despise.

EPI.



EPILOGUE.

HOW well our Author has performed his Part,
Or shewn a Knowledge of the human Heart;
How well preserv'd the Characters he drew,
Is now submitted to the Public View; —
If in his Scenes Hypocrisy appears
To wear her Form of Sanctity and Years;
If secret Crimes are happily disclos'd,
And Vice at once is punish'd and expos'd;
If injur'd Virtue has alarm'd a Fear,
Or drawn from Love, or Tenderness—a Tear,
His End is answer'd—for his only Aim
Would reach Instruction, and not soar to Fame;
But if misled, should Justice know a Stand,
And Rancour snatch the Pencil from her Hand;
Should Satyr stoop to give a lawless Stroke,
And Truth be vanquish'd for an idle Joke;
Should real Worth of Virulence complain,
Or Merit feel a momentary Pain;
He owns the Error with a conscious Shame,
And is himself, the very first to blame.



THE
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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Squintum and Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. COLE.



Heated! abused! bubbled!—O 'tis too much: all the Water in the Jordan can never wash away the Remembrance of this Day's Disgrace—and then to be threatened with a Cart—What I! who am as intimate with the Justices as the Keeper

B

of

of *Newgate*, and have almost as much Interest! the damn'd lubberly Son of a—Lord have Mercy on me! What will become of this House when I am in *Abraham's Bosom*?

Squint. Daughter, I pray you moderate the Tide of your Resentment, lest it should overflow the Banks of your Reason, and sweep away all the charitable Landmarks of Christianity, I have taken so much Trouble to erect. Consider that Revenge is a very revengeful Ingredient in the System of the Heart; and that by being revengeful it is wicked, and consequently a great Wickedness to encourage it in the Mind—I say therefore, Daughter, open the Eyes of your Understanding, and let Discretion teach you how to guide your Steps.

Mrs. Cole. O! the dear good Man! what a delightful Way he has of instructing a Body!—But, Dear Sir, please to consider that my Reputation is hurt in the severest Degree; and can I patiently suffer any Body to take away my good Name, without shewing the charitable Force of my whole Resentment; for as one of the prophane Fellows who delights the Eyes of the Play-loving Generation of the Children of Vanity, at the next Door, when one of my Waiters struck him a Punch in the Stomach, he cried out, “Proud *Spaniard* thou shalt feel me;” and threw a Bottle of Port at the Fellow's Head, which unfortunately missed him, broke my large Looking Glass, and spoiled my Green Damask Window Curtains. I am sure they have

have behaved like *Spaniards* and *Turks* to me, and yet I must be patient, forsooth.

Squint. Mrs. Cole, Nay, pray!—

Mrs. Cole. I know what you are going to say, Sir, but consider that I have maintained her a long Time: cloathed her when she was naked; fed her when she was hungry; and comforted her in Distress; nay, Did I not bring her thrice a Day to the Tabernacle to receive your pious Instructions? And yet, after all, when I was going to make a reasonable Profit of what I had so generously supported, to find her run counter to all my Expectations, and throw herself upon the very filthy Fellow who has threatened me with a Cart—her Cousin indeed—Yes, I suppose, by this Time they are very loving Cousins.

Squint. Mrs. Cole, every Turn of Fortune we are to look upon as happening for the—

Mrs. Cole. I know, Sir, what you are going to say; for the better; but this is an Instance to the contrary, for I am sure these Crosses only happen for the worse. Five and fifty good Pounds, besides a Wound to my Reputation that all the Attendance of Doctor Rock can never heal up, could scarcely happen for the better, at a Time when I am so regular in my Attendance at *Tottenham Court*, and the *Moorfields* Tabernacle—and so, I say again, “Proud *Spaniard* thou shalt feel me;” if there’s e’er an Oath to be had for Love or Money, within the Parish of *St. Paul, Covent-Garden*.

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Squint. Truly, Mrs. Cole, I begin to be very much concerned about you; this is the second Time you have repeated an infernal Line out of a blasphemous Play-book; and what is a greater Scandal to Religion, a Line, if I mistake not, written by a Minister of the Faith, in a diabolical Performance called *The Revenge*.—Fine Instructions indeed we are likely to have, when our Clergymen are more concerned about what they produce for the Stage, than what they compose for the Pulpit! fine Times indeed are we likely to have, when such a Fellow as FOOTE is suffered to ridicule the sanctified, the orthodox Discourses which I myself have delivered at the Tabernacle, to the no small Edification of Hundreds of poor Souls who wanted some Nourishment for a troubled Spirit.---I am, I say, therefore, concerned to think that you, who are a real Pattern of the primitive Purity, should pollute your Mouth with the odious Repetition of those detestable Vanities.

Mrs. Cole. Some Allowance, Sir, should be made for the Heat of Passion; this is one of the human Infirmities; and I am sure I heard you say, Sir, notwithstanding your utmost Endeavours, you could never totally divest yourself of it; and if so good, so great, so—I don't know what to say, but good and great a Man as yourself is ever disturbed by the Calamities of Life, I am sure it's no Wonder that I should be affected.

Squint. Why, truly, Daughter, you say right.

Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. In order, then, Sir, to procure Satisfaction for the Injuries I have suffered, and in some Measure to revenge the Affronts offered to Religion by the Abuse of a Woman of my exemplary Life, I have a Scheme, Sir, upon which I shall beg the Favour of your Advice; and if your Assistance could be obtained, I am in no Fear of carrying it into Execution.

Squint. There's nothing, *Mrs. Cole*, I can deny to a Woman of your extraordinary Virtue; much less refuse to lend my helping Hand to any Thing that may be in the least conducive to Religion.

Mrs. Cole. Why then simply, Sir, the Case is this: as that ungrateful Baggage, *Lucy*, has been the principal Cause of this Day's Disturbance; I say the principal Means by which my hitherto unfulfilled Reputation has suffered, suppose I was to return the Compliment, and wound hers.

Squint. Explain, *Mrs. Cole*.

Mrs. Cole. Why she is to be married to this young Fellow, this *Mr. Wealthy*, To-morrow Morning: suppose we contrive some Means of making him believe she has been already blown upon----The young Fellow has a pretty Sort of Pride about him, which I dare say would never suffer him to marry a Woman another Man had been free with.

Squint. And what, *Mrs. Cole*, Would you endeavour to blast an innocent young Woman's Reputation, and destroy the Peace of a Family that may possibly have set their Hearts upon this very Match
you

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you would endeavour to prevent?—Christianity,
Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Lord, Sir, they don't go to the Tabernacle.

Squint. Why that's true, Mrs. Cole; and though those that are not for us are against us, yet we must consider Charity and brotherly Love, and always endeavour to do as we would done by.

Mrs. Cole. Dear Sir! but suppose this very Method should oblige the young Woman to leave the Error of her Ways, and flee from the Wrath to come; you would have no Objection?

Squint. Not any, Mrs. Cole, but how can that be done?

Mrs. Cole. Why you know, Sir, upon this young Fellow's Refusal of her, the Cause must naturally be assigned; and that may perhaps get Wind, and prevent any other Match, or possibly enflame the impetuosity of her Father's Temper, to turn her again out of Doors; and we have many Instances Sir, where the Cruelty of a Father, and the Neglect of a Lover have furnished the Tabernacle with Crouds, and the Garden with Votaries. I am sure the principal Part of my Profit and your Reputation have flowed from one of these Quarters.

Squint. Very true, Madam,—and since you bring it to my Remembrance, Pray how does *Diana Dicaway*, the Milliner's Apprentice that used to be so constant an Attendant on my *Tuesday Evening Lectures*?

Mrs. Cole. An arrant Reprobate, Mr. Squintum—
Why

Why do you know that the Jade has been impudent enough to say that it was presumptuous to attend the Service of the Faithful while she followed a Course of Life so opposite to her Conscience——As if every body ought not to labour in their Vocation, Mr. *Squintum*—Lord have Mercy on me! what a wicked World we live in—But to the present Business—Oh! Oh! I am so troubled with the Cholic, I must have a Drop of *Holland's Geneva*—Will you be so good to pull that Bell, Sir? (*He rings.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dick.

Mrs. *Cole*. Bring the Geneva Bottle — Perhaps Sir, you would rather drink a Glass of Brandy and Bitters, than any of this delicious *Strip-me-naked*—Here, Sir, to the Encrease of the Faith, and the primitive Practice of Dunghill Preaching. — But *Dick*, was Mr. *Spindleshanks* the old Counsellor from the *Temple* here about *Sukey Bawlabout* the Milkmaid?

Dick. No, Madam.

Mrs. *Cole*. No, to be sure! Well, well, what will become of this House when I am gone, the Lord only knows—I see I am deserted, forsaken—O Mr. *Squintum*, it's a vexatious Thing to keep such a House as I do, and be at the Expence of providing such delicious Morfels for the Recreation of my Customers, and yet to be utterly cast off, entirely neglected—These were two of the best Chaps that ever tumbled a Cambrick Apron, a Couple of never failing Customers, the one was only son of a fine Head.

Head of Hair, and the other of a Set of Teeth as white as whip'd Syllabub; and I had the strongest Hopes of bringing them both to a due Sense of Religion, and a proper Concern for their future Welfare.

Squint. Truly, Mrs. Cole you meet with a Number of Difficulties in the Exercise of your Profession, and I am sure I am not without a Share of them in mine.

Mrs. Cole. We are both persecuted, Sir; both severely handled by the Malice of the wicked ones, but it's a comfort to think that one's own Conscience can accuse one with nothing; and that the more we suffer here, the more we shall enjoy in the New Jerusalem to come—But as I was saying, Sir,—Come, Sir, take another Drop, it will keep the Wind out of your Stomach, Sir, and get you an Appetite for Dinner—But as I was saying, Sir—How do you approve of my Design?

Squint. Why really, Mrs. Cole, I don't know how I can with any Propriety give my Consent to what I cannot absolutely approve; nor do I apprehend of what Service I can possibly be in the Affair.

Mrs. Cole. Infinite, Sir, infinite.—Your Character, Sir, your Character will add a Weight to any Thing I assert, and if the least Doubt should arise concerning the Accusations I shall lay at the Hussy's Door; you know, Sir, your only mentioning her having formerly confessed such a Circumstance to you, will be sufficient to make the whole Story credited; and by this Means I hope to have this head-
strong

strong Girl once more in my own Power, and to tip some of my good Friends, her Relations, a Sample of their own Behaviour, Mr. *Squintum*; and this, Sir, is the Reason of my begging the Favour of your Company.

Squint. Well, Mrs. Cole; upon Consideration---

Mrs. Cole. O dear, Sir! don't name it; if I get the Girl again, we go Snacks in the---Oh! Oh! Oh! my Stomach: What shall I do with my Stomach?---- You know, Sir, I always deal upon Honour with you.---- You remember the Affair of *Molly Catgut*, the Fidler's Daughter in this Neighbourhood, you not only had half the Cole, but a Cargo of pious Hymns and Thanksgiving Sermons for the Colonies in *America* into the Bargain.

Squint. My dear Mrs. Cole, I have no Doubt of that Nature; but how do you intend proceeding.

Mrs. Cole. Leave that entirely to me, Sir: Mr. *Shift*, who was employed in that hopeful Affair of young *Wealthy's*, to personate an Auctioneer, by the Father, for the Promise of a great Reward, has been suddenly discarded: He waits now in another Room for my Instructions; and what from the Hopes of what he shall get from me, and an equal Desire of revenging the Treatment he has received himself, I am satisfied his utmost Endeavours will not be wanting in promoting so good a Design. Ah! Sir, if you could but prevail on him to change his wicked Course of Life, and become a Frequenter of the Assembly of the Faithful, it would be a meritorious Action indeed.

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Squint. Truly, Mrs. Cole, I should be proud of baiting a Spiritual Hook with the Flies of Faith, and drawing out a precious Soul from the Streams of Corruption and the Waters of Wickedness.---But suppose we step to him, and make an Essay to so salutary a Work.

Mrs. Cole. With all my Heart, Sir. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E H I I.

Enter Loader and Jenny Cummins.

Load. And so, Child, I had like to have had a most damnable Affair, you see, upon my Hands; for had not the good-natured Girl interceded very strongly in my behalf, I had certainly been carried before the blind Gentleman in your Neighbourhood.

Jenny. I should be very sorry for that indeed, Mr. Loader; but pray, my Dear, was Goodnature, think you, the only Motive for her engaging in your Defence.

Load. Rot me if I know.---Though, upon Recollection, I fancy not; I have the same Pair of Eyes, the same agreeable Person, and the same Elegance of Address, you Jade, as when I first persuaded you from behind the Counter in *Tavistock-street*.

Jenny. Don't mention it, Mr. Loader; it brings to my Recollection a Multitude of Circumstances I could wish forever to forget.

Load. Why, you Jade, you would not forget me; would you?

Jenny. I don't know but I ought, Mr. Loader: But I am sure I shall ever have Occasion to remember you have undone me.

Load.

Load. Here's a Torch; when I have taught her how to play a Game, at which nobody can be a match for her.

Jenny. Dear Mr. *Loader*, don't insult me with the very Misfortunes you yourself have been the Occasion of.

Load. A very pretty Insult! Why, Child, you see naughty Plays and read Romances, as your good Governess, Mrs. *Cole*, has it.

Jenny. Any Thing to kill the Hours and keep me from Distraction.

Load. Look ye there, now! --- Any Thing to kill the Hours and keep me from Distraction! --- A very pretty Sort of a poetical Phrase upon my Soul, Girl. --- But what, in the Name of Fifty Thousand unaccountable Humours, is the Reason of this perpetual Gloom, this continual Uneasiness when I am with you? Why, Child, if you behave in the same Manner to your Customers, you'll soon have no Lovers, but a Set of Hypocritical Methodists, or some of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, who will inform against a poor Woman for endeavouring to maintain herself and Half a Dozen Children by Selling a Basket of Apples on a Sunday Evening.

SCENE IV.

Enter Mrs. Cole,

Mrs. Cole. And, pray Sir, what do you talk about Hypocritical Methodists in my House for? Do you abuse a Faith that disclaims you? Have you no Notion of a Future State, --- you damn'd lubberly Son

of a ———! —Why Sirrah! Sirrah! What will you think of this in your last Moments; when Death, like an angry Bailiff, shall arrest you, and convey you to a frightful Prison, where you can neither ever pay your Debts, nor hope for an Act of Grace to release you, as Mr. *Squintum* says!

Load. Why, you old Jezebel! who do you talk to?

Mrs. Cole. To thee, thou Son of Sodom and Gomorrah! and I myself pronounce a Woe against Thee and thy Generation.

Load. This infernal Son of a B---h, *Squintum*, has turned the Beldam's Brains.

SCENE V.

Enter Squintum and Shift.

Squint. What infernal Son of a B---h, pray Sir, are you muttering about?

Mrs. Cole. This Feller, Sir, this here Feller, has just now, in my hearing, had the Impudence to abuse you.

Squint. Abuse me! Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. Yes, Sir, and throw a Scandal on my Reputation.

Load. So, so, I am in a pretty Sort of a Hole, here!

Squint. Sirrah, you'll be in a deeper Hole yet, for thus wantonly abusing the Children of Light,—a Black-Hole, Villain! from whence a Colonel's Guard would not be able to discharge you; and where even a wrangling Serjeant at Law would not have the Impudence to speak in your Behalf.

Shift.

Shift. A pretty Sort of Scene this. — But pray, Doctor, what's become of that Charity you was just now preaching to me in the next Room?

Squint. You are mistaken, Friend; an Abuse of the Elect is one of the Circumstances where Charity never intermeddles.

Load. And pray, Mr. *Squintum*, who do you call the Elect?

Squint. The Chosen.

Shift. And pray, who are the Chosen?

Mrs. Cole. The Elect.

Load. Shift, Jenny. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Cole. Lord have Mercy on their poor Souls! do they laugh at the Elect?— But as for you, Mr. *Loader*, immediately get out of my House; I'll have no Profligates come into my House; no, truly; no one shall have a Glass of Wine in my House, or a Smack at the Lips of any of my Girls, that has not the Fear of Grace before their Eyes, and the highest Veneration for the Chosen.

Load. Mrs. *Cole*, only let me ask you one Question, only one Question, Mrs. *Cole*; Can you now reconcile the keeping of a Bawdy-House to the Tenderness of your Conscience?

Mrs. Cole. Can you reconcile Cheating at Cards and Dice to your's?

Load. I don't pretend to any.

Mrs. Cole. Mercy on us! Here's a Fellow, pretends to no Conscience at all!

Shift.

Shift. And I am afraid, my dear Doctor, your only Title to Conscience is nothing more than Pretension indeed. (*Afide*

Load. But, to the Question, Mrs. Cole, How can you in any Manner, reconcile your Conscience and your Business?

Mrs. Cole. Lord help your Head; ---- Why, the Doctor knows that Works are of no Consequence towards a Future State, and that Faith is all.—

Squint. Right, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. And it is not the Delusion of Innocence I delight in, Mr. Squintum.

Squint. No, but the Encrease of your own Interest, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. I don't keep this House from any Disregard to Modesty, Mr. Squintum.

Squint. Only out of Necessity, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Without such a House, our Daughters would be ravished, Mr. Squintum.

Squint. And our Wives would be debauched, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Decency would be at an End, Mr. Squintum.

Squint. And Virtue unheard of, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. How necessary therefore is a House like mine, Mr. Squintum.

Squint. How just your Observation, Mrs. Cole,

Mrs. Cole. How commendable the Person who keeps it under a proper Regulation, Mr. Squintum.

Squint. How much is the World indebted to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Who has a proper Regard for her Character, *Mr. Squintum.*

Squint. And an Eye to the Morals of her Customers, *Mrs. Cole.*

Mrs. Cole. Who is a Mother to her Girls, *Mr. Squintum.*

Squint. And a Friend to all Mankind, *Mrs. Cole.*

Shift. Zounds! they match like a Pair of Tallies: I don't wonder at the Women being so fond of this Fellow, since he is so earnest an Advocate for the sensual Appetites.

Mrs. Cole. Now is he answered, *Mr. Squintum?*

Squint. Convinced, I dare say, *Mrs. Cole.*

Load. Convinced; yes, I am convinced that you ought to be carted for a Bawd, and he tucked up for a Hypocrite.

Squint. Never mind him, *Mrs. Cole*; the Prayers of the Wicked only turn upon themselves: — I shall only give him my Curse, and have nothing more to do with him, *Mrs. Cole.*

Mrs. Cole. And I'll only follow your Example, *Mr. Squintum*, and say, *Amen.*

Shift. Come, come, no more of this ridiculous Stuff, Good People, *Mr. Loader* will be a very necessary Instrument in our Concert; and we shall all find it to our Interest to be Friends.

Mrs. Cole. Shall we? then I forgive you, *Mr. Loader*; I am of a Charitable Disposition, you see.

Load. And I ask your Pardon, *Mrs. Cole.*

Squint.

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Squint. And I give my Blessing to you both, Mr. Loader.

Shift. And you are all a mighty Good-natured Set of People, Mr. Squintum.

Jenny. As a Person would wish to be acquainted with, Mr. Shift.

Mrs. Cole. If you did but go to the Tabernacle, Mr. Loader.

Squint. If you only heard me preach, Mr. Shift.

Mrs. Cole. The Hymns would do your Heart good, Mr. Loader.

Squint. All my own Composition, Mr. Shift.

Mrs. Cole. My Girls sing them every Night before they go to Bed, Mr. Loader.

Squint. And repeat some of my Extempores before they rise every Morning, Mr. Shift.

Mrs. Cole. Ah! the Comforts of a well-spent Life, Mr. Loader.

Squint. The Blessing of a quiet Conscience, Mr. Shift.

Shift. Zounds! a Truce with your Canting, let's in to Business, and fet our Heads together for the Destruction of Maidenheads and the Good of the Nation. *(Exeunt.)*

End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Young Wealthy and Lucy.

Lucy. No, upon my Word, you are entitled to my Thanks for generously forgiving Mr. Loader at my Request.

Young. Why, my dear *Lucy*, is there any one Request in my Power to grant, that would be my Inclination to deny my Angel?

Lucy. You are extremely obliging, my dear Coz. indeed, and your Manner of conferring is no inconsiderable Part of an Obligation, let me assure you.

Young. Engaging Creature! I am almost tempted to think, with some Satisfaction, on the Libertine I have been, since it makes me doubly sensible of Excellence like your's.

Lucy. Ah! my dear Coz. If a Disposition so truly polite, were as lasting after Matrimony, as professing before it, we should have a Number of happier Couples within the Bills of Mortality.

Young. Why, Lady fair, I am very much of your Opinion in this Matter, though to shew you I have a Sincerity equal to the Politeness you are pleased to compliment, I must freely tell you that you have us what you make us; and while the Women are so passionately fond of Red Coats and Coxcombs, 'tis

D

not

not to be wondered at if they are lessened in the Opinion of Men of Sense.

Lucy. But to see these Men of Sense, my dear Coz. the Slaves of the very Women they despise, and captivated by a Person they look upon with Contempt, is something extraordinary and ridiculous.

Young. Truly, it is so.

Lucy. I never can forbear laughing when I see a mighty Man of Understanding affect to look down upon a poor insignificant Creature, because she is either insensible of his Merit, or has given a Look of Approbation to somebody else; whereas, had she but flattered his Vanity, there is not one Perfection in the whole Catalogue he would not have thought her possessed of, and she might have managed the self-sufficient Gentleman as easy as her Monkey.

Young. Ha! ha! ha! Why, my Dear, you are infinitely witty; though there is a good Deal of the Satyrical about you too.

Lucy. Lord! my dear Coz. What is the Reason a Woman should not be as fond of a Fool of your Sex, as you are of an Idiot of ours.—The Moment a Woman likes a Man's Person, I fancy she thinks him possessed of every Accomplishment she could wish, and if he is not blest with an extraordinary Share of Understanding or improved by Education, he is generally more upon a Level with herself, and better suited to her Capacity, so that she never finds out the Error of her Choice, but is infinitely happy in the fortunate Delusion; whereas the Men, my dear Coz. love and despise.

Young.

Y. Weal. Why my dear Philosopher in Petticoats, you are for tracing Matters up to their Source, I find; though I assure you so great a Proof of your good Sense makes me not a little vain of your Partiality to me.

Lucy. O your most obedient:----But for Instance; that very Mr. *Loader* now, that your Humanity has forgiven a Crime that really deserved to be treated with Severity, is so pretty a Fellow that he might do vast Execution among the Ladies Hearts at a Country Assembly; and though they were acquainted with his Actions, yet they would only look upon that as an Error or Oversight in him, that would be unpardonable in a Man with a Person less agreeable.

SCENE II.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. *Shift*, Sir, desires to see you about Business of the greatest Consequence, he says.

Y. Weal. Desire him to walk in.

Lucy. Well, I'll step into another Room till he is gone; and then, Sir, for the Conclusion of our Debate; for positively I will vindicate the Honour of my Sex.

Y. Weal. Bewitching Creature!--And *Lucy*, as the Poet says, "*To-morrow, oh, my better Stars, To-morrow!*"

Lucy. Well, your Servant.--- (Exit.

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Lucy. Well, your Servant.---

(Exit.)

SCENE III.

Enter Shift.

Y. Weal. Well, Mr. *Shift*.

Shift. Well, Mr. *Wealthy*.

Y. Weal. Have you any Commands for me?

Shift. No.

Y. Weal. No!

Shift. No.

Y. Weal. And what's your Business with me?

Shift. None.

Y. Weal. None!

Shift. None.

Y. Weal. That's very surprising.

Shift. But it's very true though.

Y. Weal. Indeed!

Shift. Indeed.

Y. Weal. But pray, in the Name of Common Sense, Mr. *Shift*, What am I to understand by all this? Did not you tell the Servant you wanted to speak with me about Business of Importance?

Shift. I did.

Y. Weal. And now you say you have no Business at all with me!

Shift. I say so still---But you have Business with me though.

Y. Weal. The Deuce I have. I don't know what it is then.

Shift. I don't know how you should till I tell you.

Y. Weal.

Y. Weal. Well, what is it then? come tell me.

Shift. Not a Syllable.

Y. Weal. Not a Syllable!

Shift. Not so much as an Interjection that whistles through the Air when the Mouth is shut, Why you don't understand Business, Mr. *Wealthy*; I am like *Balaam's* Ass, Sir, I can neither hear nor speak till I see the Angel.

Y. Weal. O, Sir, I ask your Pardon. (*Gives him Money.*)

Shift. Sir. And now, Sir, to Business. You are to be married to-morrow, I hear.

Y. Weal. Yes.

Shift. I am sorry for it.

Y. Weal. The Devil you are!

Shift. I am.

Y. Weal. Pray how does it affect you?

Shift. Not in the least; but it affects you.

Y. Weal. How so, pray?

Shift. I'll tell you.—Which would you have me speak; in the Language of the Church, or the Custom-House.

Y. Weal. Which you please, but prithee dispatch.

Shift. No.—But which, the Church, or the Custom-House.

Y. Weal. Pshaw—Well, the Church then; for I shall have an Obligation to that to-morrow.

Shift. I don't believe you will though.

Y. Weal. Why so?

Shift.

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Shift. The Living has been in the Possession of an Incumbent before you.

Y. Weal. The Devil it has!

Shift. And now for the Orange-woman's Pun in the Language of the Custom-House.—The Goods have been already entered.

Y. Weal. Ay!

Shift. Ay.

Y. Weal. But what Proof, what Reason have you for an Opinion of this Kind? How the Devil did you come at the Knowledge of this?

Shift. By the voluntary Confession of some of the Parties concerned, who are now bursting their Sides at your Credulity.

Y. Weal. Who? my dear *Shift*.

Shift. Why that Rascal *Loader*, and that antiquated hypocritical old *Brimstone*, Mother *Cole*.

Y. Weal. I am on the Rack, dear *Shift*, till I know the whole.—Prithee proceed, my honest Friend.

Shift. Ah! I wish you had behaved like a Friend to me, and not have let your Father know I discovered his Plot.

Y. Weal. Oh, Zounds! don't mention that now, Man; go on.

Shift. I should never have wanted a Friend if you had n't.

Y. Weal. Oh! you shall never want a Friend if you go on.

Shift. Well, that's honest. Consider 'twas to promote your Interest I lost him.

Y. Weal.

Y. Weal. I know it was. Oh!

Shift. And that I was the lucky Occasion of the seeming Reformation that reconciled you to old Greybeard.

Y. Weal. I know it, my dear *Shift*, I know it, but for Heav'n's Sake, to the Story.

Shift. Well then.—When your Father desired I might go about my Business, and you were so kind as to tip me a few Spankers, (by the bye, Mr. *Wealthy*, there was a light Six-and-Thirty amongst them)

Y. Weal. Damn the Six-and-Thirty; Will you never go on?

Shift. Why, I'm going as fast as I can.—Well, when you had tip'd me the Yellow-boys, I took a disconsolate Strole into the Piazza's, and called in at *Moll Cole's*, where I found that worthy Gentleman Mr. *Loader* sitting with the venerable Matron, and Dr. *Squintum* the Methodist Preacher, (Mrs. *Cole's* Spiritual Guide, you know) over a Couple of fine Fowls, Bacon and Greens, and a Shoulder of Mutton and Gravy Sauce; no, Gad, 'twas Onion Sauce;—Ay, 'twas Onions.—

Y. Weal. Damn the Onion Sauce, *Shift*; Will you never have done?

Shift. I have done, Sir, a Shoulder of Mutton and Gravy—Onion Sauce, a humming Bottle of delicious Claret, two Tankards of Porter a large Tumbler of Anniseed Water, and a Pint of burnt Geneva.

Y. Weal.

Y. Weal. If you knew what I felt, Mr. *Shift*, your Digressions would not be so numerous.

Shift. I ask your Pardon, Sir. When I came in, the Conversation turned upon you, Sir, and hearing that you were to be married to-morrow to Miss *Lucy*, they all burst into a violent Fit of Laughing. At length the old Beldame recovered, and wiping her nasty Muns with a greasy Towel, declared she was now satisfied, and could die contented. Upon the whole, Sir, I found that *Loader* had been pretty well acquainted with Miss *Lucy*, and that it was a Scheme of his and Mrs. *Cole's* to introduce her to you in the Character they did, that by that Means she might impose upon your Good-nature, and effect a Reconciliation with her Family; as they seemed to think her Face not altogether new enough for the Garden.

Y. Weal. But how could that be done, when she concealed her Name and Family from me with the greatest Circumspection?

Shift. I see Sir you don't know the World,—Why Artifice, mere Artifice to excite your Curiosity, and, by an affected Concern for the Honour of her Father, to make a Merit of her Silence, if she should happen to be restored. Do you think, Sir, *Moll Cole* would have kept her so long in her House unless she could have got something by her.—And besides, was not her first Request the Forgiveness of *Loader*?

Y. Weal.

Y. Weal. Why did I ever think of a Woman!

Shift. At least, Sir, of marrying a Wife out of a Bawdy House. I am heartily sorry, Sir, I should be the Occasion of any Uneasiness to you, and as you seem a little unfit for Company, I take my Leave. Sir, your most obedient.

Y. Weal. Dear *Shift* I am for ever obliged to you. (Exit *Shift*.)

—Oh! 'tis plain, 'tis plain, how luckily the Fellow happened to hear all this! This is of a Piece with the rest of *Loader's* Contrivances; she begged him off too at the Time he was to be sent before the Justice. Zounds! it is as plain as the Noonday Sun.

Enter *Shift*.

Shift. Sir, I have thought that this might be a malicious Insinuation of theirs to disturb the Peace and Credit of your Family on Account of taking the young Lady away; and threatening them with Justice. I'd have you make some Enquiry, Sir, first of all; it is possible it may be a Trick; I hope you'll find it one, Sir, and so, Sir, your Servant. (Exit *Shift*.)

Y. Weal. Yours.—How befotted was I not to find this out sooner! Why she owned it to my Face and triumphed in the Confession—*Loader* was so very pretty a Fellow that what might be Crimes in another, were only Errors in him.—Mighty pretty upon my Soul,—yes, he is a very pretty Fellow, indeed; and she is a mighty pretty

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Girl.—

Girl.—But though in the few Hours of my Acquaintance with her, she has made an Impression on my Heart that can never be erased; yet the Strings shall crack to Pieces, before I do any Thing repugnant to my Reason, or contrary to my Honour—But Mr. *Loader*, keep out of my Way, I beg of you. And Oh! *Lucy* never see me more. How unaccountable that we must love to Distraction what should be the Object of our greatest Contempt!—But stay---As *Shift* says, this may be no more than a concerted Design from the Disappointment of *Loader*, and the Revenge of Mrs. *Cole*; nay, *Shift* himself may be engaged to carry it on. But then she begged *Loader* off, and not a Quarter of an Hour ago she praised him to my Face.---But for all that she may be innocent.---Ay, but the Doubt that she is so, is more insupportable than the Conviction of her Guilt; and *Cæsar* I find was not in the least to be blamed when he said it was not enough for his Wife to be virtuous, she must be unsuspected also.---Nay, I find in myself so great a Repugnance to a Woman that but even thought of another Man, that though I loved her to Death, I must sacrifice my Passion to my Pride; for the Man that could stoop to succeed another in the Inclination of any Woman, would stoop to take her polluted from the Arms of any Man; and the Woman that can love a second Time is too contemptible to be loved at all.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A Letter, Sir, brought by a Chairman, who waits for an Answer.

Y. Weal. (*Reads it over.*) “ Sir, An Affair of
“ the last Importance to yourself, obliges me to
“ beg the Favour of your Company this Evening
“ at the *Shakespear’s Head*. As your coming to
“ this End of the Town may not be altogether
“ agreeable to your Father, you have no Occa-
“ sion of acquainting him with it; and as I have
“ too great a Respect for Miss *Lucy* to make her
“ uneasy, I flatter myself it will be a Secret to
“ her.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Jane Cummins.

Y. Weal. [*To the Servant.*] Very well, — tell the Fellow I shall be punctual to a Moment. (*Exit Servant.*) Now there is another corroborating Circumstance of *Lucy’s* Dishonour. [*Throws the Letter on a Table.*] I have remarked that Girl *Fenny Cummins* to be vastly superior to the common Class of Creatures with whom her unhappy Situation obliges her to herd; something so open, honest, and undesigning about her, as more than once has excited both my Admiration and my Pity.

The Villain *Loader* under the most solemn Promises of eternal Fidelity, won her unsuspecting Heart, and from the strongest Assurances of his marrying her, she yielded, and was undone: Their Commerce was no sooner known, than her Friends abandoned her, and turned her out of Doors; and to compleat her Misfortunes, she was left destitute of the Necessaries of Life, by her scandalous Seducer, in a Situation that required the utmost Tendernefs and Care.--Then it was she met the pious Mrs. *Cole*, who from a pretended Concern for her Welfare, obtained her Confidence and Esteem. After her Delivery the old Beldame made her Proposals which were received with Horror; but the Terrors of a Gaol, and the exquisite Force of a Mother's Fondness for the Preservation of her Infant, got the better at length of her Resolution, and she was obliged to consent. She has heard, I suppose, of this Affair of mine, and from her Knowledge of *Lucy's* Behaviour, wants to put me upon my Guard. The Difficulty now is, how to break off the Match with Honour, without exposing the unfortunate Girl, or destroying the Reputation of my own Family; for Oh! I love her too well to see her despised by any Body—but myself. What an artful Tale did she tell of destitute Virtue and Innocence preserved! But at any Rate it is concluded; I have done with her. Oh! here she comes. What well-disssembled Modesty in her Looks! She's damn'd impudent, I see that.

I wonder

I wonder I never found it before. Ay, and seems to have lost so much of her Beauty this half Hour, that I think her cursed ugly too.

SCENE V.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Well, my dear Coz.

Y. Weal. And, Well, my dear Coz. (what a Jade she is. *Aside.*)

Lucy. I thought it an Age while I was absent from you! What strange Power have you got of making every body charmed with your Company.

Y. Weal. Every body charmed with my Company! There's for you. (*Aside.*)

Lucy. I don't know how it is! But this little Urchin that plays with one's Heart, is a strange Sort of a Creature to make such a strange Alteration in so short a Time.

Y. Weal. Only mind that now! (*Aside.*)

Lucy. But what's the Matter, my dear Coz. you don't speak to a Body?

Y. Weal. I wish I never had with all my Heart. (*Aside.*)

Lucy. Upon my Word, dear Coz. you make me very uneasy.

Y. Weal. And you are even with me, my dear Coz. upon my Word. (*Aside.*)

Lucy. Why, you fright me out of my Wits,—Are you not well?

Y. Weal.

Y. Weal. Fright her out of her Wits. This it is to get a Mistress out of a Bawdy House. (*Aside.*

Lucy. Lord bless me! What's the Matter?

Y. Weal. Nothing.

Lucy. Nothing!

Y. Weal. No.

Lucy. And may I then beg to know my dear Coz. the Reason of your being out of Temper?

Y. Weal. No.

Lucy. Nor the Reason of this Behaviour?

Y. Weal. No.

Lucy. That's unkind, my dear Coz.

Y. Weal. No. Every Moment her dear Coz.

(*Aside.*

Lucy. Have I done any Thing to occasion this Coldness of Behaviour, Mr. *Wealthy*? I am sure if I have, it was entirely undesigned, and I am sincerely sorry for it.

Y. Weal. She's sorry for it too. (*Aside.*

Lucy. Let me beg an Explanation, Mr. *Wealthy*, I am sure its very unkind to give me so much Uneasiness.

Y. Weal. Uneasiness, Madam!

Lucy. Yes, Sir: Is it an extraordinary Matter for a Woman to be uneasy, when she is coldly treated by the Man she loves?

Y. Weal. The Man she loves, Madam!

Lucy. Yes, Sir: The Man she loves; and I am sorry there is any Occasion for a Repetition of my Words when I say so.

Y. Weal.

Y. Weal. A Repetition of your Words, Madam?

Lucy. As I am fully sensible, Mr. *Wealthy* I have not merited this Usage, I am really at a Loss how to answer it.

Y. Weal. Indeed!

Lucy. Sir, Whatever your Motives are for treating me in this Manner, I assure you they are very unjustifiable.

Y. Weal. Really!

Lucy. And though my Esteem for you, Sir, might make me overlook a great Deal, I must not entirely forget what is due to myself.

Y. Weal. Very true, Madam.

Lucy. Have I deserved this Indifference, Mr. *Wealthy*. *(In Tears.)*

Y. Weal. As I see, Madam, I am the Cause of your Tears, Politeness obliges me not to be a Witness of them; and so, Madam, your most Obedient. --- Curse her Hypocrisy! She can cry too! *(Exit.)*

SCENE VI.

Enter Sir William Wealthy.

Sir Will. In Tears, *Lucy*! Pray what's the Matter, Child?

Lucy. Nothing, Sir!

Sir Will. Very pretty indeed! And so you cry for nothing, do you? Why I met *George* just this Moment; he seemed in a cursed Sort of an Ill-Humour, and when I asked him what was the Matter, he said, Nothing, Sir, as well as you! ---

Egad,

Egad, I don't understand all this! But, my Dear, I must beg to know what the Matter is, from you, and the real Cause of all this Uneasiness?

Lucy. Indeed, Sir, I am an utter Stranger to the Reason of it, but it seems I have unhappily offended Mr. *Wealthy*, and he has not been kind enough to let me know in what Manner.

Sir Will. I am very sorry, my Dear, for any Misunderstanding between you; but it shall be my Business to make all up again. What's here? (*Taking up the Letter*) Oh! a Letter directed for my Son. It's a Woman's Hand I believe though, perhaps this may unfold a little of the Affair, at least it shall be an Excuse for a Father's Curiosity, and so for the first and last Time of my Life, by your Leave, *George*. Hey-day! What's all this! [*Reading*] "Sir, An Affair of the last Importance
"to yourself, (Ay, and it ought to be of the least
"Importance too, the Dog's gone a whore-hunting)
"obliges me to beg the Favour of your Company
(and so I suppose he is gone to oblige her with
the Favour of his Company) "at Eight this Evening,
(at Eight this Evening,—the Lady is very particular in the Time I see) "at the *Shakespeare's Head*
(ay, a pretty convenient Sort of a Place truly,) "As your coming to this End of the
"Town may not be altogether so agreeable to
"your Father, (She's very much in the right on't, I don't know how the Devil it should)
"you have no Occasion of acquainting him with
"it; (and he followed the Advice to a Tittle)
"and

“ and as I have too great a Regard for Miss *Lucy*
 “ to make her uneasy, (she only ensnares the Man
 that’s to be her Husband) “ and as I have too
 “ great a Respect for Miss *Lucy* — (Mind *Lucy*,
 only mind what a Respect the Jade has for you,
 “ I flatter myself it will be a Secret to her (and
 you find, *Lucy*, she did not in the least flatter her-
 self, the young Dog never mentioned a Syllable
 of it) I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

JANE CUMMINS.

And Mrs. *Jane Cummins* I’m your humble Ser-
 vant; and Mr. *George Wealthy* I am yours—So,
 so, so, its pretty plain now—The whole Affair
 is easily seen through—The Rascal’s pretended
 Reformation was only occasioned by the Discovery
 of *Shift*, and his Insolence to you proceeded from
 his Business of Importance with his humble Ser-
 vant *Jane Cummins*.—This was a Piece of mean, des-
 picable Cunning, I thought his Pride would have
 despised; and for the future, Mr. *George Wealthy*,
 since you promise to have no Notion of your Duty,
 I must have some little Care of mine; and you
 shall find I never will countenance those Vices in
 my Son I should condemn in any Body else.—
 My dear *Lucy*, this Fellow is entirely unworthy
 of a Tendernefs like your’s; let me conjure you
 to banish him from your Thoughts, nor ever be-
 stow a favourable Wish on a Man you should des-
 pise. For my Part, a Settlement shall be made
 on him that may maintain him with Decency, but

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not

not give him any Opportunity of adding to his Dishonour by a Continuation of his Crimes.

Lucy. Oh! Sir. (*In Tears.*)

Sir Will. What's the Matter, my Dear?

Lucy. Recall the cruel Resolution you have made of driving an only Son for ever from your Heart, or of attempting to force him a Moment out of mine.—If he has a few trifling Follies incident to his Sex and Years, pity them as Errors, but don't condemn them as Crimes; a little Recollection, Sir, will bring him to a proper Knowledge of himself, and the strongest Sense of Duty to you.—You cannot, will not sure, refuse the Request, the first Request of one you have so greatly honoured with your Esteem.—O! Sir, forgive the Indiference of Mr. *Wealthy's* Youth, and excuse the Inexperience of your *Lucy's* Deliverer.

Sir Will. Exalted Excellence!—Be comforted, my sweet Girl; I have a Thought that may yet set all to rights; ——— *George*, notwithstanding all his Follies, has, I believe, some Sparks of Honour still unextinguished in his Heart; to these we'll appeal, and if I happen to be mistaken, I must only forget I ever had a Son.

Lucy. Oh! Sir, consider—

Sir Will. Be patient, my Dear:—You shall take a Chair, and one of my Footmen to attend you, and go yourself to the *Shakespeare*, and wait my coming; it's now Seven o'Clock—The Servant can easily give you Notice when he sees his
young

Young Master gone in; and when *George* knows you act by my Direction, to surprize him in Company with his Lady, won't appear so improper in you.— I shall be after you in a short Time, and let him know what he owes to your Intercession and Goodness; and if this does not shame him out of his Errors and awaken a real Tenderness for you, I must give him up as irrecoverable.

Lucy. Oh, Sir, you are all Goodness! — But won't it look a little odd for a Young Woman to go to a Tavern by herself; it may create Suspicions not greatly to her Advantage.

Sir Will. It's out of my Power, my Dear, to go with you immediately myself, and the sooner one of us is there, the better; and I would not mention the Affair to any body else.—As to the House it's well enough for that Part of the Town; and you have nothing to do but call for a Glass of Champaigne to be treated with Respect,— So Good bye, my Dear, I'll be with you as soon as possible. (*Exit.*)

Lucy. Well! There's yet some Hopes.

*The Dear Inconstant may be fix'd at last;
And future Days compensate for the past;
The circling Years a happy Round may prove
Of mutual Transport, and of endless Love.*

End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Richard and Young Wealthy.

Rich. It's impossible, *George*, to conceive the Daggers the Errors of a Child will plant in a Parent's Heart:— But to think that my own Excess of Severity may be in a great Measure the Occasion of my unhappy Girl's Ruin, is a Reflection almost insupportable. When I met *Shift*, at the *Coffee-House*, he mentioned his having been with you,—was extremely sorry, he said, to be the Messenger of Ill News, and entered into a Detail of the whole Story. I posted Home as fast as ever I could—enquired after *Lucy* to know, if possible, her Account of the Affair; but, to be sure, she'll deny it all, (Nobody can blame her for concealing her own Dishonour) and was surprized to hear she was gone out in a Chair, attended by one of your Father's Footmen.

Y. Weal. I am very sorry, Sir, the Knowledge of this unhappy Circumstance has reached your Ears; for I can honestly assure you it was Poison to mine.—My Intention was (if possible) to find some Means of breaking off the Match and making the real Cause a Secret to you; but since it has been unfortunately discovered, the Sense of your Sufferings are no inconsiderable Addition to mine.

Rich.

Rich. This Good-nature, *George*, is very obliging.—Poor *Lucy*! I must fettle some little Matter on her, send her to the Country, and endeavour to conceal her Disgrace.—My own Honour won't allow me by any Means to offer a Wife to another Man whom I should reject myself; and the Fault is rather encreased in my Opinion, by her being my Daughter.

Y. Weal. Generous, indeed, Sir.—But that nothing may be left Untried by which we can obtain a further Knowledge of the Circumstances of this Affair.—I shall hasten to my Appointment with that *Jenny Cummins* I mentioned to you, and so, Sir, your Humble Servant.

Rich. Stay, *George*, I should be glad to hear what that Girl can say, myself; but as I have some pressing Business at *Tom's*, for Half an Hour or so, I can't go immediately with you, so keep her till I come, which will be as soon as possible. *(Exit.*

Y. Weal. Poor *Lucy*! Unhappy Sex!—Where the very Villains that betray are the first to forsake, expose them, and upbraid.—Where the very Men who have destroyed their Innocence are the first to accuse, to condemn them for a Want of Virtue, from an ungenerous Notion that the Woman who allowed particular Liberties to them, would be equally indulgent to the rest of Mankind; without once considering that the Reason of granting any Liberties at all, arose from a partial Tender-

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Tenderness to them.—But, curse all musty Reflections, say I,—'Tis past, and I'm unhappy.

(Exit.

SCENE II.

The Shakespear's Head.

Enter Lucy.

Lord! how my Heart flutters.—So near that scandalous House and alone in a Public Tavern too,—I wish Sir *William* had seen the Impropriety of making me wait for him, or would be very speedy in his Coming.—I don't know whether I did right in desiring the Waiter to send up a Gentleman that should enquire for a Lady, I should have been more explicit in the Direction, — But the Servant can shew him, I suppose.

SCENE III.

Enter Loader.

Load. Madam, I am your most obedient, humble Servant,—I am to ask your Pardon for the Mistake of one of the Waiters, I believe, who has shewn me into a wrong Room?

Lucy. O, Sir! there needs no Apology.

Load. Zounds! If I could improve this Opportunity.

(*Aside.*

Lucy. I wish he'd stay till Sir *William* comes.

(*Aside.*

Load.

Load. I am infinitely happy, Madam, to have so favourable an Opportunity of expressing my Sense of the Obligation you so lately conferred on me at Sir *William's*, though I am equally ashamed to think there should be any Occasion for it.

Lucy. O Sir! don't mention it,—I wish it had been in my Power to have been more serviceable to you.

SCENE IV.

Enter Young Wealthy.

Y. Weal. Do you, Madam?—I am very much obliged to you.—Come, Sir, draw.

Load. Draw, Sir! for what?

Y. Weal. No Equivocation, Sir! Draw, or by all that's good, I'll kick you round the Room.

Load. Why, Sir! Pray what have I committed now?

Y. Weal. Didn't I find you with that Lady, Sir?

Load. And, what then, Sir?

Y. Weal. What then! Do you make Game of me, Villain! (*Kicks him.*)

Load. But, Sir! Sir!

Y. Weal. What then, Sirrah?

Lucy. Pray, Mr. *Wealthy*, What is the Matter? What has the Gentleman done?

Y. Weal. What, Madam, are you pleading for him again?

Lucy.

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Lucy. Pleading for him again, Sir! I don't understand you!

Y. Weal. No, I suppose not, Madam; but I understand you.—Didn't I find you together in a Tavern, Madam?—A *Covent-Garden* Tavern Madam.—Blush! blush! for Shame, if any Spark of Modesty is left.

Load. Zounds! This is better and better; Who cou'd have expected this? *(Aside.)*

Lucy. What do you mean, Sir, (to *Wealthy*) by this Usage; I don't understand you, Sir, I say again! — But if you have any Uneasiness on Mr. *Loader's* Account, I assure you, you wrong him as much as you injure me.

Y. Weal. Ay, Madam, do plead for the Gentleman; but I'll take Care he shan't stir out of the Room till your Father comes.

Lucy. My Father come! Why, Sir, your Father will be here presently—and my Business here is to wait for him.

Y. Weal. And so not to be alone, you sent for Mr. *Loader* to bear you Company, I suppose.—Come, Sir, sit down there.—— O Woman! Woman!

Lucy. Mr. *Loader*, Why don't you speak! Were you a Minute in the Room when Mr. *Wealthy* came in?

Load. Not a Minute, upon my Word, Sir.—The Waiter shewed me into the Room by Mistake.

Y. Weal.

Y. Weal. Ay, to be sure,—You'll be both in a Story.

Load. I find to be in one Story or to tell the Truth is the only Way not to be believed, and so I'll stick to that. (*Aside.*) I came, Sir, I assure you, in quest of another; and Miss *Lucy's* leaving a Direction, That if a Gentleman enquired after a Lady he should be shewn up to her, has occasioned all this Mistake.—That's all, upon my Honour, Sir.

Y. Weal. Your Honour, Sir!

Lucy. Mr. *Wealthy*, I assure you—

Y. Weal. Madam, you may spare yourself the Trouble of apologizing for your —— Lover, or vindicating yourself,—I am not to be taken in, I assure you.

Lucy. Sir, I despise.—

Y. Weal. So do I, upon my Word, Madam.

Lucy. What, Sir?

Y. Weal. Politeness obliges me to mention no Names, Madam, but when I say, I despise, I can't help thinking of your Ladyship.

Lucy. O 'tis mighty well, Sir! I scorn any Upbraidings.

Y. Weal. And, Madam, I should scorn to listen to them.

Load. Bravo,—Zounds! Where's Mother *Cole* and *Squintum* now. (*Aside.*)

Lucy. When Sir *William* comes, Sir, you may find yourself mistaken,—That's all.

Y. Weal. And when your Father comes, Madam, you may find yourself mistaken, — That's all. Zounds! What can she mean about Sir *William*! Sure, my Father, she can't imagine will turn Pimp for her. *(Aside.*

Lucy. O very well, Sir! This is not to be borne. *(Aside.*

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Richard Wealthy, Mrs. Cole, Squintum, and Shift.

Rich. So, *George*.—I have been with these Gentefolks and persuaded them to come along with me.—They know nothing of the Letter you received; but confirm every Syllable that *Shift* has told us.

Y. Weal. Oh, Sir, it needs no Confirmation,—Look there——.

Richard. Thou Scandal to my Name and Family.

Lucy. Sir!

Rich. George,—only mind how surprized she looks! — Why, Madam; was it not enough to indulge a licentious Inclination, when your Obstinacy drove you from a Father's House; and when, perhaps, the Commission of the Crime might be extenuated by the Necessity; (if any Necessity could plead for Loss of Honour) but when your Follies were forgotten; when you was again received to the Bosom of your Friends, and
under

under a Promise of Marriage to a Man you could have no Objection to; to be following the infamous Fellow that ruined you, to a Tavern; and making the Disgrace of your Family as public as your own.

Lucy. Oh! Sir, hear me?

Rich. What can you say in justification of your Conduct? or rather, What can you offer in any Manner to excuse it?— I shall be less warm on this Occasion, *Lucy*, because 'tis possible my own Severity might be a Cause of your Dishonour,— yet, powerfully as the Tenderness of a Father may plead in Favour of an unfortunate Child, there is a Justice still due to my Family and myself. — You shall have a Settlement of One Hundred Pounds a Year made on you, provided you go an Hundred Miles from *London*; where you must change your Name, and never seek to hold the least Intercourse with any of your Relations.—My Prayers shall not be wanting for your Reformation. — But if I ever hear the least Connexion is subsisting between that Rascal and you, my Bounty shall be entirely withdrawn, nor will I answer how far the Anguish of a Parent's Heart may be induced to beg a Punishment from Heaven on Filial Disobedience.

Lucy. (In Tears) Oh! Sir,— This is either all a Mistake or a groundless Accusation.

Rich. Wou'd to Heaven it were, for your Sake and mine,—for none but a Father can conceive a

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Father's Pangs at the Knowledge of a Child's Dishonour. What brought you here?

Lucy. My Uncle's Commands, whom I expect every Moment.

Rich. Your Uncle's Commands! — For what Reason, Child?

Lucy. It will better become him to declare it, Sir.

Rich. And, how came that Fellow here?

Lucy. By a Mistake of the Waiter, Sir.

Load. By a Mistake of the Waiter, indeed, Sir. Bravo. *(Aside.*

Rich. By a Mistake of the Waiter. — Ay, you are both in one Story, I see. — O, *Lucy!*
Lucy!

Lucy. By all the Powers above, I am as unfulfilled, Sir, in Thought, Word, and Deed, as Infant Innocence just born.

Rich. Mrs. Cole!

Mrs. Cole. Mr. Squintum!

Squint. Mr. Shift!

Shift. Mr. Loader.

Load. Yes, I can assure you of the Lady's Innocence for me, Sir.

Lucy. Why don't you speak, Mr. Loader, and clear this Matter up.

Rich. O, don't trouble yourself, Mr. Loader; there's nothing you can say will be believed, I assure you.

Load. I am very glad on't. *(Aside.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. Hey! Who have we here! —
Lucy, I ask your Pardon, my Dear, for keeping you so long.— So, Brother, you are come to be a Witness of the Rascal's Proceedings too.

Rich. What Rascal's Proceedings, Sir?

Sir Will. Why, that very pretty modest Gentleman there, Mr. *George Wealthy*.

Y. Weal. Sir!

Rich. How!

Shift. What the Devil's the Matter, now?

Mrs. Cole. What are they about, Mr. *Squintum*?

Squint. Nay, Mrs. Cole, I can't imagine. —
Nothing to spoil our Design, now, I hope.

Sir Will. So, Sir! you must go follow your old Courses of Whore-hunting after your pretended Reformation, and the very Evening too before your Marriage with a Woman you declared yourself passionately fond of.

Y. Weal. I don't understand you, Sir!

Shift. No! The young Fellow is in the right to understand nothing that makes against himself.

(Aside.

Sir Will. See here, Brother, a Letter the Fellow received from one of the *Covent-Garden Ladies*, and an Appointment to meet her at this House.—

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Houfe.—*Jane Cummins*, Sir, do you know her, Sir?

Mrs. Cole. How! *Jenny Cummins*, Sir?

Sir Will. Yes, *Jenny Cummins*, *Mrs. Greasy-chaps*.

Mrs. Cole. O the Ingratitude of this wicked World, *Mr. Squintum*! — You know what a Friend I have been to that Jade; and yet you see she endeavours to draw my Customers to another Houfe.

Squint. Ingratitude, *Mrs. Cole*, we are not to be surprized at while we sojourn in this wicked World, more especially from People who are not steady in their Attachments at the Tabernacle.—I always thought *Mrs. Cole*; there was a great deal of what you call the blasted Brim about that Hussey.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, I think so too, *Mr. Squintum*.

Sir Will. What a Pox brought this canting, hypocritical Couple amongst you, Brother? — Well, see this Letter, Have I found you out, Sir? — Ask this good Girl's Pardon immediately, for the Abuse of her Confidence. and thank her for exerting her Interest in your Behalf, for nothing else can reconcile you to my Favour, I assure you, Sir.

Y. Weal. (*To Sir Richard*) Be so good, Sir, as to clear up this Matter to my Father, for it won't become me to make Reflections upon any one's Conduct but my own.

Sir Will. What, Sir, do you laugh at me?

Y. Weal. Who I, Sir?

Sir

Sir Will. Yes, you, Sir,—But I tell you what, Sir, I shall take Care to keep your Pockets as empty as your Head, till your only Pretensions to Gentility arifes from your Credit at the Taylor's. *Lucy*, give me your Hand, promise me to forget that Fellow, and I'll make a Woman of you.

Shift. He'll make a Woman of her—Well said, Old Square-toes. (*Aside.*

Sir Will. It won't become you to make Reflections on any Body's Conduct but your own, won't it;—I wish you would begin to reflect *George*, for I am really ashamed of you.

Y. Weal. Why, dear Sir?

Rich. Pray, Brother, moderate your Passion a little, and hear a proper Account of the whole Matter.

Sir Will. Well, let's hear a proper Account of the whole Matter.

Rich. Why then, Sir, your Son is innocent.

Sir Will. And this you call a proper Account of the whole Matter.

Rich. Nay, but pray don't interrupt me.—This-unfortunate Girl, *Lucy*—

Sir Will. You may well call her unfortunate, for the young Dog will make her Heart ache.

Y. Weal. Sir!

Rich. Nay, pray hear me!—Poor *Lucy*, during her Continuation with this infamous Woman—

Mrs. Cole. Infamous Woman! Lord have Mercy on us! I an infamous Woman, Mr. *Squintum*!

Squint. Heaven help their silly Heads, Mrs. *Cole*.

Shift.

Shift. [*To them.*] Zounds! be quiet, don't you see how they are confusing Matters themselves.

Mrs. Cole. What a damn'd swearing Fellow he is, *Mr. Squintum.*

Squint. An errant Reprobate, *Mrs. Cole.*

Sir Will. I wish the Devil would be kind enough to run away with *Mr. Squintum*, and take you with him, *Mrs. Cole.*

Mrs. Cole. Do you hear the Blasphemer, *Mr. Squintum?*

Squint. O! never mind him, *Mrs. Cole.*

Loader. Zounds! can't you be quiet a Moment,

Mrs. Cole. Oh! *Mr. Squintum.*

Squint. Ay, *Mrs. Cole.*

Rich. Sir, shall I beg the Favour of your Silence? [*To Squint.*] and, Madam, may I hope you'll be kind enough to hold your Tongue. [*To Mrs. Cole.*]

Squint. and *Mrs. Cole.* Well!—

Rich. *Lucy*, I say, Brother, during her Continuance with that venerable Lady, has been ruined by that Rascal *Loader.*

Sir Will. Ay.

Lucy. Sir, as I hope for—[*To Sir Will.*]

Rich. Don't interrupt me Child----has been ruined by *Mr. Loader*; and I find by her having the Fellow with her here, she is extremely fond of him too.

Sir Will. Ay.

Rich. And this Letter your Son has received, and which has made you so angry, was written
to

to inform him of some Matters that might let him into the Light of the whole Affair, which every one here has already acquainted us with.

Sir Will. It's all a damn'd Lye.—*Lucy*, give me your Hand—Brother, I am surprized that a Man of your Sense should be so easily imposed on by a damn'd Set of Rascals—What would you take the Word of an old abominable Bawd?

Mrs. Cole. Old abominable Bawd, *Mr. Squintum.*

Squint. We must all suffer in this World, *Mrs. Cole.*

Sir Will. A canting methodistical Scoundrel.

Squint. A canting methodistical Scoundrel, *Mrs. Cole.*

Mrs. Cole. We must all suffer in this World, *Mr. Squintum.*

Sir Will. An infamous cheating Rascal, a Gamester.

Shift. An infamous cheating Rascal, a Gamester, *Mr. Loader.*

Loader. We must all suffer in this World, as the Doctor says, *Mr. Shift.*

Sir Will. A scandalous Utensil for every villainous Purpose; a Mimic.

Load. A scandalous Utensil for every villainous Purpose; a Mimic, *Mr. Shift.*

Shift. Yes, I find we must all suffer in this World, *Mr. Loader.*

Sir Will. And a ridiculous Letter from a common Prostitute; a Set of People whose Interest is inseparably connected; and who, from being disappointed in their Designs on my poor Girl in

one Quarter; and my Blockhead of a Son in another, have entered into a villainous Scheme of destroying her Reputation and his Happiness: And you sensibly listen to every Thing they say, and won't allow my sweet Girl to speak a single Word in her own Defence. I tell you what, Brother—You are Fool,—And I tell you what, *George*—You are a Coxcomb.—And, *Lucy*, my dear, I tell you what,—You never shall want a Father in *Will Wealthy*.

Lucy. Oh! Sir, you are all Goodness.

Rich. Oh, Sir, you may pique yourself on your own Penetration as much as you please, but I'm afraid you'll find who's the Fool at last.—They can't all be in a Scheme against her,—and a little more Decency in your Expression, I don't think would be much amiss; so since you are so obliging to provide for that Girl, I'll take care that your Son's Pocket shan't be quite so empty as some People's Heads; for I scorn to be under an Obligation.—*Mrs. Cole*, you say that this Girl was intimate with *Loader*?

Mrs. Cole. If I was going out of this World, it would be one of the last Things I'd say.

Sir Will. And one of the first you'd be damn'd for in the next.

Squint. Have you no Sense of Religion, Sir *William*?

Mrs. Cole. No Notion of a Future State?

Squint. No Idea of your Duty here?

Mrs.

Mrs. Cole. Nor any Thought of a Punishment hereafter?

Sir Will. If you don't hold your Tongues, this Moment, I'll kick you both round the Room.

Rich. Yes, kick a Clergyman, and a poor old Woman,—It will be much to the Credit of your Reputation.

Squint. You should hunger after Truth, *Sir William.*

Mrs. Cole. And thirst after Righteousness.

Squint. You should despise all worldly Things.

Mrs. Cole. And go to the Tabernacle.

Sir Will. What, are they Mad,—Hold, *Sir*, a Moment — *Lucy*, You hear what these scandalous People alledge.—To cut the Matter short, at one Word, is it not a most villanous Accusation?

Lucy. As ever the Tongue of Falshood uttered.

Mrs. Cole. Consider what a dreadful Thing it is to lye, *Mrs. Lucy.*

Squint. Consider your precious Soul, *Madam.*

Mrs. Cole. Suppose you were to die this Moment, *Mrs. Lucy.*

Squint. Where would you go the next, *Madam?*

Lucy. As for you, Madam, I have already experienced your Regard for me: — And, Sir, I am pretty well acquainted with your Doctrine and Principles. I despise you both and your utmost Malevolence; and had not your Accusation made some Impression on Persons so truly dear to me, I should not have thought either of you worth an Answer.

SCENE VII.

Enter Jenny Cummins.

Jenny. Mr. *Wealthy*, Your Servant. — I have been an uneasy Overhearer of your Conversation this Half-Hour, and would have put an End to the whole Debate, but my Fears of that wicked Woman, in whose Power I unhappily am at present, prevented me: However, let the Consequence be what it will, their villainous Design shall be discovered. — Miss *Lucy* is innocent, and you are abused.

Y. Weal. How! My dear *Jenny*, speak?

Mrs. Cole. O, you wicked Creature, Have you no Notion of a Place hereafter? — Why, you Brim, do you think any Body will believe you, when you bring my Customers to another House. — But remember, Mistress, you owe me Five and Forty odd Pounds for Diet, Lodging and Cloaths; and take Care that you have somebody to bail you, presently, for the Writ shall

shall be put into the Officer's Hands immediately.

Jenny. Why, let it.—Was my Life to be the Consequence! unhappy as I am myself, let me never be in the least accessary to have so much Goodness abused, (to *Lucy*) or so much Merit disappointed, (to *Y. Weal*.)

Y. Weal. How! *Jenny*, you was not accessary, I hope?

Jenny. No, Sir, — But the Person who knows of any villainous Design, to the Prejudice of Innocence and Virtue, may be in a great Measure reckoned accessary by keeping it concealed.

Sir Will. I protest, Madam, you surprise me! nor did I expect to find Sentiments so noble in any Person of your Profession.—You may proceed with your Story without any Fear of that Lady's Anger, and be assured of my utmost Favour and Protection.

Jenny. You are very good, Sir.—Miss *Lucy's* unfortunate Deliverance, Sir, the Disappointment of Mr. *Loader*, and the Dismission of Mr. *Shift*; the Punishment you intended to inflict on Mrs. *Cole*; and your Abuse of this worthy Gentleman in Black, joined to some Hopes the pious Lady entertained, if her Scheme succeeded, of seeing Miss *Lucy* once more destitute and friendless; and by that Means the Possibility of getting her again into her Power, were the only Reasons, I believe, for

for entering into a Resolution of destroying the Peace and Honour of your Family.

Mrs. Cole. Lord have Mercy on her! *Mr. Squintum*, Did you ever hear such an infernal lying damn'd scandalous ———.

Squint. Down on your Knees, this Moment, *Jenny*, and ask Pardon of the whole Company for this terrible Falshood, or the Ground will immediately open and swallow you up forever.

Mrs. Cole. Kneel, this Moment, *Huffey*, and ask Forgiveness.

Squint. Consider you have a precious Soul, *Jenny*.

Mrs. Cole. Consider the Worm that never dies, *Huffey*.

Squint. The Fire that is never quenched, *Jenny*.

Mrs. Cole. The Weeping and Wailing, *Huffey*.

Squint. The Gnashing of Teeth, *Jenny*.

Mrs. Cole. What won't you kneel down, *Huffey*.

Squint. Are you not afraid the Ground will open and swallow you up, *Jenny*?

Mrs. Cole. No, You are reserved for a more dreadful Punishment hereafter, *Huffey*!

Squint. My Reputation, Sir, [*To Sir William*] will, I believe, add no inconsiderable Weight to any Thing I assert, if the Truth could ever want supporting, and though it may be alledged I am seen in the Company of Publicans and Sinners,

ners, the World knows my Design is not to share in their Vanities, but to lead them from the Errors of their Ways. He that is Whole needeth no Physician; and twou'd be a needless Trouble to be always preaching to the Righteous: I shall stand in need, therefore, of no further Preface to vindicate my Conduct; and will solemnly assure you, the young Woman herself, during her Residence at Mrs. Cole's, with Tears, (for I verily believe the Seeds of Repentance have been sown in her Heart) confessed that *Loader* had undone her.

Sir *Will*. Scandalous, despicable, hypocritical Villain,—I see your poor Design, and Vengeance shall repay it. What, a Clergyman, a Minister of Heaven, an Expounder of the Sacred Oracles of Truth, whose Life ought to be the clearest Imitation of his glorious Master's Conduct, join in a Scheme, a damnable Design, to blast the Flowers of Innocence and destroy the very Root of Virtue; enter into a League with an abominable Woman, whose Profession should render her the Contempt, the Abhorrence of Mankind, to ruin the Peace and Honour of a worthy Family that never wronged you. — Surprizing that in a Neighbourhood where Justice boasts of her Vigilance, she should be blind! Or, that such a Number of infernal Houses should be tollerated in a Country fraught with the noblest Sentiments

—*not to apologise for a man who had been so long of*

of Humanity, and governed by the best of Laws.

Shift. I see we are all in the wrong Box here; I think I'll tack about, and make my Peace with old Dryboots. (*Aside.*) Sir, I have been a damn'd Rascal, and I own it; I don't know whether I should hope for Pardon, or whether you ought to grant it; but when I assure you I was instigated by this Son of a Bitch of a Preacher, and this Bitch of a Whore of a Bawd, and thought myself not quite so well used in your Affair, as I had Reason to expect, I hope you may be induced to overlook that Part I have acted in this cursed Day's Work, as I shall be ready to prove in any Court of Justice, the Truth of whatever Charge you may exhibit against them both.

Sir Will. Upon that Condition, Sir, you may may expect to be forgiven—But *George*, why don't you say something to *Lucy*.

Y. Weal. Sir, my Heart's so full on this Occasion, that I cannot find Words to ask the dear Girl's Pardon for the Uneasiness I have given her; but as the Confusion was general, the Mistake she laboured under on her Side, will, I hope, incline her to forgive any Anxiety on mine.

Lucy. I think, my dear Coz. your forgetting that Letter was a very fortunate Circumstance; for without the little Confusion it occasioned, I can't see how Matters would have been so happily reconciled—But don't think I was jealous of you—

I must not allow you to flatter yourself so much as to think I was jealous of you when I followed you to the Tavern, to surprize you with this Lady, to whom I think we are both not a little indebted.

Y. Weal. Engaging Sweetness! Oh! *Lucy!*—

Lucy. No Raptures now, dear Coz. I beg of you, for Mr. *Loader* is not gone out of the Room yet.

Y. Weal. Very well, Madam.

Jenny. I believe I can clear up that Affair too. Perhaps all the Company may not be informed that Mr. *Loader* is the Author of my Ruin; however, he is so, and though his Behaviour has made me really despise him, yet the foolish Woman in my Heart obliges me to love him still; an unsuccessful Run at Cards after his Detection at Sir *William's*, had reduced him to some Necessity, and as I expected a Sum of Money that Evening, from a Gentleman, I desired Mr. *Loader* would call on me here, and he asking for a Lady, was, by Mistake, I suppose, shewn up to Miss *Lucy*, and so caused all Mr. *Wealthy's* Uneasiness afterwards.

Rich. Madam, I am a Person greatly obliged by your Behaviour to-day, and if any Thing in my Power can be conducive to your Interest, I shall take it as a Favour if you command me.—
O *Lucy!* forgive my Rashness, and be henceforth assured of your Father's greatest Confidence and Esteem.

Lucy. O, Sir, you had all the Reason in the World to imagine —.

Rich. No more. The Hundred a Year I talked of to you, shall be settled on this Lady for Life, — for I am convinced, if it was in her Power to live without her Errors, she would forsake them: But as for Mrs. Cole, *Squintum*; and *Loader* they shall experience the utmost Severity of the Law, — If an Hundred Pounds can buy it.

Jenny. Sir, you overwhelm me with your Goodness! But if I might presume to beg an additional Favour, —

Rich. Any Thing in my Power, Madam.

Jenny. Mr. *Loader*, Sir?

Rich. I understand you. — On your Account he shall be forgiven; and if you think the Rascal's marrying you would be any Satisfaction, it shall be on that Consideration.

Jenny. Lord, Sir, — I don't know! — Bless me! — What shall I do! — No, Sir, I despair of reclaiming Mr. *Loader* from his Follies; and though I must love him, I would not choose to be married to any Man that might upbraid me with my past Life, and on whom I must look with Contempt.

Sir Will. Generous Girl!

Jenny. Besides, Sir, I could not bear to think I was more obliged to the Laws for his Company than his Inclinations.

Y. Weal. Why, how like a Fool you look, now, Loader!

Lucy. Sure, the greatest Pain in the whole World, is to receive an Obligation from any One we have injured.

Load. I don't know what to say! — If I promise to reform, no one will believe me; and I must put it into Execution before I can ask them to take my Word.

Sir Will. Only mind the Methodistical Couple, here! Only see how they look! — Not a Word, Mrs. Cole!

Y. Weal. Not a Syllable, Mr. Squintum!

Rich. No Notion of your Duty, here, Mrs. Cole!

Lucy. Nor of a Punishment, hereafter, Mr. Squintum!

Sir Will. An Enthusiastic Rascal! — That frightens the Ignorant out of their Wits, and afterwards picks their Pockets.

Rich. A Set of People who imagine they have a Right to commit any Crime they please all Day, provided they go to the Tabernacle in the Evening.

Sir Will. Who think Works of no Manner of Service.

Rich. And place their all in Faith.

Y. Weal. What do you think of a Pillory, Mr. Squintum!

Sir Will. What do you think of a Cart, Mrs. Cole!

Y. Weal.

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Y. Weal. Of being brought before your Superiors, *Mr. Squintum*!

Sir Will. And heartily flogged, *Mrs. Cole.*

Rich. Come, Brother, they are not worth your laughing at: Any Man of Sense must despise their Doctrine and detest their Principles.——Let it be our Business to put the Laws in force against those Scandals to Society.——Do you inform his Superiors of *Mr. Squintum*; and I shall take Care no *Covent-Garden* Justice takes Cognizance of *Mrs. Cole.*——Now, *George*, here, take *Lucy*, before their Faces, and let them see the Success of their Designs.

Y. Weal. You need not with me more unhappy than to be insensible of the Blessing.——

O! *Lucy*!

4 AP 54

*Let all Mankind this mighty Moral know,
That Virtue only makes us blest, below;
That Truth and Honour best are found to prove
The Sweets of Friendship—and the Joys of Love;
And tho' Hypocrisy usurp their Mien,
And fears to let the vicious Form be seen;
Still inward Pangs and sure Contempt it draws,
And is, at once, the Punishment and Cause.*

F I N I S.

